

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES"—Goethe

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VOL. 39—No. 1

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1861

PRICE (Sd. Unstamped
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MR. HULLAH.—A strong desire has been manifested in various influential quarters to render some service and encouragement to Mr. Hullah, late of St. Martin's Hall, at a very trying period of his life. With the view of consolidating this general feeling of goodwill towards a gentleman who has faithfully devoted many years and many acquisitions and energies to an important branch of public education, and whose labours have now to be begun again, the following Committee has been formed, with power to add to its number:—

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The FIRST CONCERT will take place on SATURDAY EVENING next, Jan. 12, 1861, at 8 o'clock; Second Concert, on Monday afternoon, Jan. 14, commencing at half-past 2, to terminate about 4 o'clock. The subsequent Concerts will be given on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday Evenings, Jan. 15, 16, 17, 18, and 19; and on Thursday and Saturday afternoons, Jan. 17 and 18.

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Programmes and full particulars will be duly announced.

MUSICAL DIRECTORY for 1861 will be issued on the 10th inst., price 1s. 6d.; per post, 1s. 8d. London: Rudall, Rose, Carter and Co., 20 Charing Cross; Keith, Prowse and Co., 48 Cheapside.

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ROYAL ACADEMY of MUSIC.—The Lent Term commences on Monday, January 14th, 1861.

Candidates for admission must attend at the Institution, for Examination by the Board of Professors, on Saturday afternoon, the 12th inst. at 3 o'clock.

By order of the Committee of Management,

J. GIMSON, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden Street,
Hanover Square, 1st January, 1861.

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KUHE.

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Dinorah, Fantaisie de Concert.
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Les Cloches du Village.
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Un Ballo in Maschera, (Nocturne).

T. MAUSS.

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Dream of the Rose Waltz.

MARRIOTT.

Colleen Bawn Waltz, Illustrated.
Woman in White Waltz, ditto.
Don Pasquale Waltz.
Waterfall Galop.

Reviews.

"Douze Valses pour Piano"—STEPHEN HELLER; Op. 97.
(Cramer, Beale, and Chappell.)

In the present dearth of original productions among modern writers for the pianoforte, the appearance of any new work from a pen at once so individual and accomplished as that of M. Stephen Heller is as welcome to musical amateurs as a dish of clear turtle to an epicure condemned for a lengthened period to live upon "odds and ends." These waltzes are bagatelles, it is true, and bear no very striking affinity to the composer's later manner; but almost every one of them is instinct with a sort of freshness that makes them as grateful to the sense of hearing as mignonette and honey-suckle, after a shower of rain, to that of sight, or smell, or both together. That, compared with the majority of pieces through which M. Heller has helped to enrich the repertory of the piano, they are unelaborate and easy to execute, is, it will be generally admitted, rather a recommendation in their favour than otherwise, more especially inasmuch as they are none the less effective on that account. To take a rapid survey of the whole set, leaving much that might be told to the imagination of our readers:—Nos. 1 and 2 (in F and D) are both pretty, No. 2 being the most engaging. Nos. 3 and 4 (in B flat and D) are "swan-like" in their graceful movement, each at the same time bearing the unquestionable stamp of invention, which in No. 4 is exemplified in a very marked manner by the charming union of passage with *cantilena*, both in the first part and that which follows, in the relative minor. We prefer, nevertheless, quoting the fluent melody which constitutes the theme of No. 3:—



How elegantly this is harmonised by M. Heller our readers may discover for themselves. No. 5 (in A) is essentially and exclusively Hellenesque, as the first four bars may suffice to show:—



That it will be admired all the more for its individuality, need hardly be suggested. No. 6 (A minor)—"Quasi triste,"

as the author insinuates, at the place where the "*tempo*" is ordinarily indicated—is thoroughly charming, and will not be received less warmly because of the glimpses of Chopin revealed here and there, as for example:—



No. 7 (F) is like a dream of "Jenny Jones;" quaint and pretty, however, besides being more extended in form than its pre-waltzers. No. 8 (A flat) is appropriately marked "*Délicatement, Tendrement*," for it cannot be too delicately and tenderly handled. Again we find Chopin influencing our composer, but happily and sweetly, as in the following instance:—



This, too, is designed on a broader canvas than most of those which have been named—an innovation warranted by the beauty alike of the subject and the episodic matter. No. 9 (D flat) is in the style of one of Hummel's "*Tyroliennes*," and as fresh and elegant as the most popular of them all. To be critical, nevertheless, for once, here is a point which we cannot admire:—



Nos. 10 and 11 (in C major and F minor) both show good points, and are both in M. Heller's own manner, although in No. 11 (page 17, lines 4, 5) another feint at Chopin cannot fail to render itself apparent. This, too, is the longest and most carefully wrought out of the "dozen," with the single reservation of No. 12 (F major), which, with freshness, vigour, and brilliancy worthily crowns the series.

The *Douze Valses* were originally, we believe, published in three sets (*cahiers*), four to a set: but here we have them altogether, handsomely brought out, and at a reasonable price.

"The Song of the Enchantress"—Poetry by SHELLEY, Music by EMILE DE L'ORME. (Cramer, Beale and Chappell.)

"The coming of the Flowers"—Words by T. E. CARPENTER, Music by W. VINCENT WALLACE. (Cramer, Beale and Chappell.)

"The Knight's Vigil"—Words by J. P. DOUGLAS, Music by W. H. WEISS. (Duncan Davison and Co.)

The first of these compositions is dedicated to Madame Sainton-Dolby, who would probably feel disposed to sing it half a tone lower (in C). Shelley's beautiful lines will be at once brought back to the memory of those who love his poetry by the opening stanza:—

"He came like a dream in the dawn of life,
He fled like a shadow before its noon;
He is gone, and my peace is turned to strife,
And I wander and wane like the weary moon.
O sweet Echo, wake,
And for my sake
Make answer, the while my heart shall break!"

This is the song of the Enchantress, prefacing the *Fragments from an unfinished Drama*, of which all that was completed is the graceful dialogue between the "Indian youth and the lady." Mr. De L'Orme has shown so much feeling in his musical setting, that we are astonished at his total misconception of the second verse, which to support our criticism we must cite *in extenso*:—

"But my heart has a music which Echo's lips,
Though tender and true, yet can answer not,
And the shadow that moves in the soul's eclipse
Can return not the kiss by his now forgot.
Sweet lips! he who hath
On my desolate path
Cast the darkness of absence, worse than death."

Now, at the end of the second stanza, instead of giving the burden, "Sweet lips!" &c., Mr. De L'Orme—careless of the "But" we have italicised—repeats the burden of the first, "O sweet echo! wake," &c., although it is made sufficiently clear that the Enchantress repudiates the aid of "Echo," on second thoughts, as under the circumstances, impotent. Until Mr. De L'Orme restores Shelley's original text—thereby turning nonsense into meaning—we cannot think of seriously reviewing his music.

Mr. Wallace's "Coming of the Flowers" (composed for Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington) is a model ballad, with an engaging melody, and a thoroughly neat accompaniment—in short without exaggeration, a gem of simplicity and grace.

The song of Mr. Weiss is as bold, vigorous, and unaffected as anything we have seen from his pen, and if sung frequently in public, likely to become a formidable rival to his very popular setting of Professor Longfellow's "Blacksmith." The adventurous knight could hardly watch his armour in the chapel to more manly and congenial strains. The coloured lithograph on the title-page is in good keeping with the theme, and the erect and stalwart figure of the new-made chevalier might easily pass for that of Sir Tor, Sir Sagamore, or Sir Dodinas le Savage.

Numbers 12, 17, and 18 of Boosey's "Musical Cabinet" have just reached us, the publication, up to the present time, having attained its twentieth number. No. 12 contains fifteen of Beethoven's songs, with pianoforte accompaniments, adapted to English words by Mr. George Linley. The collection includes some of the most popular of the composer's chamber songs, among which we may name "May Song," "Knowest thou the land?" "The Farewell," "The Quail," "Adelaida," and last, not least, the famous

Lieder Kranz, or "Chaplet of Songs." No. 17 (pianoforte series) comprises the five most famous instrumental pieces from Mendelssohn's music to a *Midsummer Night's Dream*—viz., the Overture, *Scherzo*, *Notturmo*, Wedding March, *intermezzo*. No. 18 contains twelve songs by François Schubert, the English words by George Linley, with pianoforte accompaniments. This selection, like that of Beethoven, includes several of the composer's most popular contributions to the chamber. We may single out from them "The Erl King," "The Wanderer," "Hark! hark! the lark!" "Who is Sylvia?" and the incomparable "Ave Maria."

The numbers quoted possess all the recommendations of those noticed on a former occasion—namely, careful printing, good paper, commodious size, and neat exterior.

AMERICA.—NEW YORK.—The latest accounts from New York inform us of the sudden retirement of Mr. Ullman from the management of the Academy of Music, on the 4th of December. The season opened with *La Juive*, and the crowded state of the theatre argued well for the future prospects. "Probably," writes the New York correspondent of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, "our Academy of Music never before presented so brilliant an appearance at an operatic representation. The boxes were filled with handsomely dressed women, and the whole house was brilliantly lighted with the same illuminations used at the Prince of Wales's Ball. Then the opera was admirably done. The scenery and grouping were unsurpassed, the processions really splendid, and the acting and singing of Fabbri, Stigelli, and Formes everything that could be desired; there was plenty of orchestra, plenty of good singing, any amount of enthusiasm, not quite enough voice from *Anna Bishop*, and a considerable superfluity of *Quint*. The opera was a success, and the press was unanimous in its praise." The second night, however, was by no means so brilliant; and the third no improvement on the second. The fourth indicated no progress, and then the impatient, or unmonied, manager, addressed a card to the *Herald*, which ran to the following tune:—

Sir,—It is my painful duty to announce to the public that I see myself compelled to close the opera.

Notwithstanding the unanimity of approbation with which the *Jewess* has been received by the press and the public, the receipts after the first night have fallen greatly below the expenses. This I ascribe to the precarious state of affairs in general, and to the disorganisation into which the opera has fallen during my absence in Europe.

Under these circumstances I cannot do otherwise but retire from the management, and tender my best thanks for the generous aid I have received from the press, the artists, and all the employés of the opera.

I am, dear Sir, with great respect, your obedient servant,
Academy of Music, Dec. 4. B. ULLMAN.

Then the singers tried matters on their own behalf, and gave *Masaniello*, with Herr Stigelli, Herr Formes, and Mlle. Fabbri. If, as we learn from the same writer quoted above, that "Stigelli's *Masaniello* was magnificent," and that "his last act was really thrilling," all we have to say is that Mr. Gye's ex-second tenor must be wonderfully advanced.—The *soirées* of M. Otto Dresel, the pianist (who was in London in 1852), have proved highly successful. The fourth and last was given on the 13th of December, and attracted an overflowing audience. The programme merits quoting.

Sonata (C sharp minor), Beethoven; two preludes and mazurka (B minor, Op. 33), Chopin; spring song and serenade, Robert Franz; two études (E major and E minor), Chopin; songs, "Moonlight night" and "Du meine Seele," Schumann; andante from symphony, Schubert; allegro brilliant, for four hands, Mendelssohn; "The Erl King," Liszt (Piano solo) Miss Fay; song, "O, welcome, fair woods," Robert Franz; "Marche Hongroise," Schubert; slumber song, Otto Dresel; valse (E flat, Op. 18), Chopin.

—The concert in aid of the German-English School of Music, at the Music Hall, is reported as a great success. This concert was a foretaste of what was to be expected from the Philharmonic Society, as it was given entirely under the supervision of and performed by members of that respectable body.

THE OPERA COMIQUE.

ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

(Continued from page 760.)

DELLA MARIA, DEZEDE, CHAMPEIN, DELABORDE, MARTINI,
AND PICCINI.

To terminate the list of musicians who wrote comic operas during the last century, I will mention the names of Dézède, Champein, Delaborde, Martini, and Piccini.

DEZEDE.

Dézède, or Dézaides, or again, as some writers of the time have it, Désaides, was born in 1740, but in what country is not exactly known. Some ascribe to him a German origin; others place his birthplace at Lyons. He himself knew nothing of his family. A pension was paid him of 1000*l.* a year, which was raised on his majority to 2000*l.* He wished to make inquiries in order to discover his parentage; but his notary informed him that if he did so his pension would be withdrawn. Dézède took no heed of the injunction laid on him by the man of law, continued his investigations, and was deprived of his pension. This determined him to derive a means of livelihood from his talent. He had studied under an abbé, who taught him music, the harp, and composition. His *début* was made at the Comédie Italienne on the 28th of October, 1772, with *Julie*, an opéra comique in three acts, the words of which were by Monvel. The same year he produced *L'Erreur d'un Moment*, a sequel to *Julie*, a one-act, which has obtained a *succès d'estime*.

The *Stratagème découvert* (1773) and *Les Trois Fermiers* (1777) followed next. On the 30th of October in the last-named year he brought out the opera of *Fatmé*; in 1778, *Zulime*, ou *le Porteur de Chaises*, at the Opéra Comique; on the 27th of February, 1780, *Cécile*, in which Mad. Trial appeared after a long period of rest. She was received with loud applause, although she had no voice left. This piece was not performed many times; it contains a pretty romanza—the boatman's song (*La Chanson du Batelier*). In 1783, on the 30th of June, occurred the first performance of his best work, *Blaise et Babet*, the success of which continued for two years. The words were by Monvel. The same year he had composed a grand opera, *Péronne Sauvée*, which was none the less for his previous success, a failure. There was a joke made about it by the wits to the effect that it was an opera of *laitues* (lettuces), for there was nothing worth keeping of it but the *chœurs* (choruses) quasi *cœurs* (hearts).

In 1784 Dézède produced *Les Deux Frères*, the words being by Flavel, and *Alexis et Justine*, a sequel to *Les Deux Pages*. In 1790, *Les Trois Noces*, of which he had written the words himself, was played at the Théâtre de la Nation, where he had previously produced, in 1787, *Aleidor*. His music, of a simple and pastoral style, was not wanting in originality. Dézède was of a most eccentric turn of mind, and what was called in those days *dépensier* (spendthrift). The King of Bavaria induced him to join his court, and granted him a pension. He died in Paris in 1792.

His daughter, Florine, was a musician. She wrote an opéra comique, *Nanette et Lucas*, ou *la Paysanne curieuse*, a slight work, in which she sought to imitate the pastoral style of her father. This operetta was performed with creditable success in 1781.

CHAMPEIN.

Stanislas Champein was a native of Marseilles, and was born November 14, 1753. He first became chapel-master in a provincial church, and composed some good ecclesiastical music. He had the good fortune to get a motet of his composition performed at the chapel of Versailles. This work, executed before an illustrious audience, established his reputation, and facilitated his entry into the dramatic career. *Le Soldat Français*, an opéra comique in two acts, was his first work of that class, and was played by the comedians of the *Bois de Boulogne*. In January 1780, he brought out *Mina*, an opéra comique in three acts, which was only played a few nights; and subsequently, up to the year 1792, he wrote a considerable number of pieces, which it would be wearisome to enumerate. I shall only mention those which were the most suc-

cessful. *La Mèlomaine* (1781); *Les Dettes* (1787), two acts; *Le Nouveau Don Guichotte*, two acts. This last piece was played at the Théâtre de Monsieur (the Feydeau); and as at that time it was forbidden to play any pieces which were not translated from the Italian, it was necessary to pass off *Le Nouveau Don Guichotte* as the translation of an Italian opera by a composer who was christened Zucharelli.

Champein remained twelve years without having a piece produced at any of the theatres. He had, however, in that time written the scores of no less than fifteen grand operas and comic operas, which were accepted, but never beheld the light of the foot lamps. Among these we find *Beniowski*, the book of which was destined to be set to music, with striking success, by Boieldieu. Champein died on the 19th of September, 1830. His old age was visited with much misfortune. He lived on government pensions, which successive revolutions alternately deprived him and restored to him. At last, under the Restoration, and at the petition of a number of illustrious men—Catel, Boieldieu, Dupaty, Scribe, Fétis, &c., a pension was granted him, which he enjoyed but a short time before his death.

DELABORDE—MARTINI.

I shall only make a passing mention of Jean Benjamin Delaborde, head valet de chambre to Louis XV. He was born in Paris on the 5th of September, 1734, and died on the revolutionary scaffold on the 22nd of July, 1794. He learned the violin and counterpoint of Rameau. He could not have had a more illustrious or a more capable instructor. He wrote a few comic operas, of which nothing is known but their names. I may mention *Aliz et Alexis* (July 6, 1768), *Annette et Lubin* (same year), *Les Trois Rivaux* (1763), *Imène et Iménias*, ou *la Fête de Jupiter* (1770). On the 31st of October, 1772, by order of the Queen, *Le Billet de Mariage*, by Défontaines, was played, but without success.

Martini (Jean Paul Egide), who must not be confounded with the celebrated theoretical musician of Bologna, was born at Freystadt, on the 1st of September, 1741. His real name was Schwarzenzendorf. Having had some disagreements with his family, he resolved to expatriate himself, and allowing the direction of the wind to settle which road he should take, he found his way to France, where he exchanged his barbarous sounding name for that of Martini. His best works were his first opera, *L'Amoureux de Quinze Ans*, performed April 18, 1771, at the Comédie Italienne; *Henri IV.*, ou *la Bataille d'Ivry*, three acts, at the same theatre (1774), the overture of which was very successful; and *Le Droit du Seigneur*, words by Défontaines, played for the first time September 17, 1797. Martini enjoyed for several years the favour of the public. His style is melodious. The celebrated romanza, *Plaisir d'Amour*, will convey an idea of it.

PICCINI.

If Gluck was not successful in opéra comique, although at Vienna he produced two operas of this class—*Les Pèlerins de la Mecque* and *Les Chasseurs de défant*, such was not the case with Piccini. This great man (born at Bari in 1728, died in Paris May 7, 1800), wrote comic operas of estimable merit. Indeed, there is but one step from the Italian Opera buffa, in which he was entirely successful, to the French school of opera. I shall not here introduce a biography of this great artist, who is connected only by a very slender thread with the class of works of which I am sketching the history. Laborde induced him to come to France, where the Queen commanded him to write the music to a comic operatic subject called *Phaon*, destined for the Comédie Italienne, but it was only played at Choisy before the court.

Le Fat Meprisé (1779) had little success; but *Le Dormeur Eveillé*, four acts, by Marmontel, succeeded both at court and with the town. It had been played at Fontainebleau, the 14th of November, 1783, and it was on the 28th June, 1784, that the Parisians heard it. The score was censured for being a little monotonous, but the libretto was considered very interesting. *Le Faux Lord*, in two acts, met with complete success; the words were by the eldest son of the composer, Alexander Piccini. This piece was first played December the 6th, 1783. *Lucette*, the words of which were also by Alexander Piccini, met with a different fate (1784). Both this piece and *Le Mensonge Officieux* (1787) failed. Durosoy

subsequently arranged with the music of Piccini *Les Fourberies de Marine*, in three acts; but this pasticcio was not successful. A son of this composer, Louis, wrote several comic operas, which have not obtained any lasting reputation.

If grand opera in France owed to Germany and to Italy its earliest and principal celebrities (Rameau excepted) we shall establish the fact that comic opera has ever gained its greatest successes through French composers. We have seen in the first part of this history of the Opéra Comique that only French composers have shone in that school—Monsigny, Philidor, Dalayrac,—I was almost about to quote Grétry, for though the country in which he was born is not politically a part of France, it is intimately allied to it in manners and language. We shall now witness the triumphs of Nicolo, Méhul, Lesueur, Boieldieu, and Herold, all natives of France.

PARIS.

(From a Correspondent.)

M. HECTOR BERLIOZ, the most accomplished musician, the most fertile composer, and the most zealous combatant that France possesses, is an object of hatred to a whole generation of mediocre individuals, who thwart him in every possible manner. Their endeavours succeed so well in *la belle France*, that we are quite astounded when we hear a chorus of applause echoing in his favour from over the German frontier. This is sad, very sad! The reason of this is, that our education and customs in France are pre-eminently inimical to art. Mediocrity—mediocracy—is supreme among us! Thick, common blood flows in our veins. Realism howls out its veto as soon as comfortable digestion is disturbed; it grows angry directly any one dares to appeal to a man of superior intelligence. What is to be done against such a state of things? A sensible system of musical education and development is the only means which can be employed to destroy such crass materialism. In the first place, no one should be allowed to teach music without adducing proofs of actual proficiency; this would get rid of that scum of teachers who allow bad music to be played, and produce bad pupils. But what shall we say of the class-books, especially for the elements of music? Why are they not subjected to some serious and severe test? I do not, as a matter of course, allude to those obligingly favourable testimonials of approbation which the Conservatory is constantly issuing, duly marked with its stamp; I require some real test, applied with the most unflinching severity, because we have to guard a whole generation against bad instruction by means of bad elementary works.

In a pamphlet (*Fillonneau, Revue Musicale de 1860, à Paris*), I find the following observations on Beethoven's last works, especially the Sonata, Op. 111, where the writer is speaking of the performance of the said sonata by Herr von Bülow:—

"In these compositions there is always some excellent movement, and we think that no one is bound to play the whole of them any more than that we are bound to listen. Op. 111 has been played this winter by several distinguished pianists, who have, however, had the good sense to omit the last half!"

It is not, naturally, every one who is capable of following the bold flight, and comprehending the mighty thoughts of a man of genius; but then those who cannot do so should hold their tongues, for every person is allowed to be silent. I also am silent, when I behold the wearied faces of some most elegant audience who have been listening to a *fugue* by Bach, and when I hear, on their waking up, because the mill-clapper has stopped, their ejaculations of delight! The playing of many *virtuosi* resembles the walk of a drunken man. The *tempo rubato* takes its name from the fact of its robbing the composer's music of its proper time.

In most of the theatres of Paris a man risks his health; nay, more, his life. A horrible atmosphere poisons the lungs; physicians agree in asserting that they owe a large number of patients to the unhealthy air in our theatres. Would that this were the only inconvenience to which we were subjected in order to have the pleasure of seeing a play! The spectator is perched upon a seat so narrow, that even a child must feel cramped when occupying it; it is impossible to stretch one's legs; you are condemned to absolute immobility if you would not incommode your neigh-

bour, who is quite as badly off for room as yourself. In addition to this, you have to stand up every instant to let some new-comer pass; and, however closely you keep to your place, you are lucky if you get off with simply having your boots muddled, and do not get your feet crushed and trodden on.

Figures, it is well known, play an important part nowadays. I will make a statistical statement. At the conclusion of 1860 there were in Europe 18,140 actors and singers, 21,609 actresses and female singers, 1,733 theatrical managers and directors; the sum total of persons of all classes employed in theatres was 82,216. The number of musicians can only be approximately calculated: if we take it at a million, of whom 600,000 are pianoforte players, we shall be pretty near the truth. A reward will be given to any one who shall answer the following question: What relation does the total of 1,082,216 artists, Richard Wagner included, bear to the progress of dramatic and musical art?

The *Moniteur* has published a plan of the site of the new Opera-house, which differs from all those yet issued, together with a notice that the work is thrown open to public competition. The theatre is to stand in the midst of a large space, and will have no building within 60 feet of any portion of it. Its *façade* will be in view of the Boulevard, and at not more than 50 or 60 yards' distance. The theatre is to contain from 1,800 to 2,000 persons; the length from the back of the boxes to the proscenium to be about 60 feet. The stage is to be capable of holding about 400 persons, its width 45 feet, and its depth 104. The total length of the building—which is to include not only the theatre but all its accessories—is to be 490 feet by 228. The grand hotel of the Opera is to be built between the new theatre and the Boulevard; it will cover about 8,000 square yards of ground, and contain 600 bed-rooms, besides saloons, dining-rooms, and every other feature of an hotel. A similar building is now nearly completed, as regards the shell of the construction, on the Boulevard de Sebastopol. This latter is to be called the Grand Hôtel du Commerce, and the two promise to become formidable rivals to the Hôtel du Louvre.

Letters from Turin give the information that Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini were about to commence a series of engagements in that capital, whence they go to Milan, Genoa, Florence, &c., &c. I hear, by the way, that Mr. Lumley, the ex-manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, has secured a new *prima donna* of extraordinary endowments and accomplishments, and whom, in all probability, will be heard in London next season. Her name is Galetti, and furthermore rumour is loud in praise of her beauty and general appearance—a second Grisi, in short, about to come to judgment.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The Festival is fixed for the 27th of August next, and three following days, under the presidency of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot. The committee have appointed Mr. Costa as conductor, and they will again enjoy the invaluable services of Mr. J. O. Mason as orchestral steward. The report of the orchestral committee deals chiefly with a matter closely affecting the success of these meetings. It distinctly lays down and supports the principle that nothing short of the highest attainable excellence will maintain the pre-eminence of the Birmingham Festivals, or continue to afford to the General Hospital the revenue it has hitherto derived from this source. The committee show that while it would undoubtedly be possible to cut down the expenses of the next Festival to the level of 1846, and thus to make a large profit, such a course would certainly result in so greatly lowering the prestige of the festivals as to render them utterly valueless, either as expositions of the musical art or as helps to the cause of charity. The principle advocated by the committee is unquestionably sound. In these days of competition, people insist upon having the full value for their money, and if they cannot obtain it at Birmingham they will go to Leeds or Bradford, or some of those other periodical meetings which have become formidable rivals to our own festival. We are glad to learn that the general committee fully recognised the wisdom of the course proposed by the orchestral committee, and recorded in a general resolution their conviction that "the policy pursued in maturing the musical arrangements has been sound and judicious, and calculated to maintain the Triennial Festival as a permanent institution in aid of the funds of the General Hospital of Birmingham."—*Birmingham Gazette*.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER V.

A THEATRE is not the only sphere of an impresario's operations—an Italian Opera not his only mine of gold or River Tamar. Whatever contributes to the amusement of the public, and is the means of making money, may be considered legitimate occupation for an enterprising "undertaker," as the term is translated literally. Some who are supposed to be exclusive members of the craft will perhaps resent the assertion as an indignity put upon them; but if there be one impresario who devotes himself solely and wholly to his theatre, minding his own business, and nothing else, he has hitherto escaped my notice. Some are poets (one poet-manager, whose effusions it was too much the fashion to ridicule, irrespective of their merit, has but just now "shuffled off this mortal coil," leaving all who knew him to regret the loss of a good friend and kind-hearted man); some are publishers or musicsellers; some seek a profit in hot-houses and tea dealing; some (but with gratitude be it said they are very rare) are — (kind reader! has not every calling, even the dustman's, its different grades?); some are singers, and engage themselves at enormous salaries.

I followed the fortunes of my particular impresario in an undertaking in which he misplaced a large amount of energy and capital, none other than the Royal Surrey Gardens, a dismal swamp, which formerly afforded shelter to a collection of howling wild beasts, and was the resort of the nursemaids of the neighbourhood.

By the exertions of a company of directors, of whom my friend was one, the wild beasts were exterminated, the swamp was drained, and at a vast expense a magnificent music hall erected. It was here I had an opportunity of judging of the positive necessity of absolute power in the management of any similar enterprise. "Division of labour" by any number of directors can never have a satisfactory result, when catering for the public is concerned. No matter how carefully organised, or how well carried out, joint management rarely succeeds, and never does so if undertaken by a body of committee-men. The activity so indispensable to success is paralysed, and favourable circumstances are neglected. No member of the direction being allowed to incur liabilities for his brother directors without their knowledge and consent, the Royal Surrey Gardens were managed by a committee, and the undertaking consequently met with its inevitable fate. Moreover, if the manager of a theatre has difficulties to overcome, the directors of such a place as the Surrey Gardens had to contend with obstacles far more insurmountable. One which gave them more trouble and vexation than the sore throat of any prima donna or *tenore* was the weather. A drop of rain cost hundreds—a thunder storm reduced the balance at the banker's to the smallest sum imaginable. I have known a fall in the barometer intimidate a full meeting of directors, the slightest indication of an unfavourable change

"Making the boldest hold their breath for a time."

Some would wait patiently until the threatening clouds dispersed or burst, and drown the receipts; others would tap the unoffending prophetic little instrument so violently that it would fall bodily, and sustain irreparable injury. A board day of the Royal Surrey Gardens Committee afforded an interesting opportunity for the study of human nature. Perhaps equally exciting or disheartening as the weather (for it must be remembered that the spirits of the directors rose as well as fell according to the fluctuations of the mercury) was the presence of the renowned Jullien at a committee meeting. M. Jullien rarely made his appearance, and never did so without having some extraordinary suggestion or complaint to make. His energetic, and sometimes violent, manner contrasted strangely with the sedate composure of the phlegmatic Englishmen whom he came to address. The effect he at first produced was extraordinary. He alarmed them, and some vainly attempted to reply to his arguments. After the second or third time they became more accustomed to his invectives, and listened to him in silence, discussing what he had been saying in his absence.

No man ever gave expression to more extraordinary ideas—ideas which in any ordinary mortal would have been attributed to insanity—than Jullien, no man ever talked so incessantly. He had the gift of language as well as music, and some time of his life had acquired a vast amount of information on various subjects. He

was well versed in history and botany. That which he really knew of the latter science was sometimes disguised and discredited by the singular stories he told of his influence upon trees and flowers. He used to assure me that he had so "arranged" a certain plantation upon his estate in Belgium, that when the wind was in the south the trees rustling together played the slow movement of a particular symphony.

ANTHEATER.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION, whose entertainments last season at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, under the direction of Mr. Land, obtained a large share of public favour, are announced to resume their performances of glees, madrigals, and old English ballads, at the same locality, on Monday evening next, January 7th.

HEINRICH MARSCHNER.—This celebrated German composer is again in Paris. He is about to produce his new opera, *Hierne der Sängerkönig*, at the Grand Opera, in obedience to the express commands, moreover—at least, so it is said—of the Emperor Napoleon. It is much to be regretted that the German theatres-royal, especially those of Berlin and Vienna, allow themselves to be deprived of the honour—or rather, neglect the obligation they are under—of being the first to bring out a new work of the greatest of living German operatic composers.

POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—WOODIN'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Mr. W. A. Woodin, after a long and prosperous tour in the provinces, on Boxing-night made his reappearance at home quarters, with a *Cabinet of Curiosities*, being an "entirely new and original musical, mimetic, pictorial, graphical, polygraphical, and authoropographical entertainment," expressly written for him by a popular dramatist. The fund of invention displayed in the creation of the numerous characters with which the mimic stage is peopled, and the versatility of talent and untiring spirit with which their realisation is effected, are equally admirable—so rapid, indeed, is their production sometimes as almost to make one hold one's breath, as if in very sympathy with the performer. It must be added that Mr. Woodin is greatly aided in the various characters which he assumes by the costumier, the disguises in every case being complete and life-like, and many of them of the highest merit, pictorially considered. After a few miscellaneous scenes by Mr. Griddler, the Hon. Mrs. Magenta, Lancelot Long, Esq., and Mr. Tom Galloper, G.W.R.C., who treats us to a song on "Social Varieties," which serve as a sort of prologue, the entertainment assumes a more distinct and methodical form, the object being to illustrate the peculiarities of character both in and out of town in the four seasons of the year. Thus, under Spring, we have "The Fashionable Marriage," Mrs. Popple, the pew-opener, being amongst the most conspicuous actors on the interesting occasion. Then comes, "The Public Dinner," on behalf of one or other of the innumerable London charities, with Nicholas Noddler, Esq., M.P., a great conception of a chairman; and Mr. Bobbles, a perfect study of a secretary, "Epsom on the Derby-day" introduces a perfect crowd of turf notabilities—the "correct card" vendor, the fortune-telling gipsy, the thimble-rigger, and the acrobat, being especially admirable. "Spring in the Country" gives occasion for the display of a remarkable specimen of the enthusiastic angler, Mr. Rodney Hook, and another of the model landlady of the Red Lion, being no other than the inimitable Widow Whimperley, so calm in her record of matrimonial reminiscences, and her avowal of present bereavement, and withal so solicitous that all her guests may be comfortable and make a good breakfast, with all the little relishes appropriate thereunto. Summer, of course, has its excursionists, more especially to the sea side, where Jones, the skipper, winds up the business with an appropriate song, and a hornpipe danced in character. In Autumn we go upon the grand tour, in Wales, in Scotland, in Ireland, or to Switzerland, choice specimens of the natives of each locality, with appropriate songs, being represented in broad but truthful outline. Winter, with its entertainments, concludes the changeable scene of a performance which we may pronounce one of the most agreeable and mirth-moving entertainments of the season. We should observe that the Polygraphic Hall has been entirely redecorated during the recess, gaily lighted, and the general aspect further enlivened by the introduction of handsome mirrors on each side of

the stage. Appropriate set scenes of the four seasons of the year form a pleasing accessorial attraction at the back of the stage during the performance.

HENRI HERZ.—Herz, the pianist, had announced a concert in one of the newest cities of California, and had been obliged to send to San Francisco to procure a property necessary to the entertainment—viz., a piano. At the hour announced for the concert, the tickets were all sold, the house was crowded, the artist was at his post, and everything was in readiness—except the piano. In consequence of some inexplicable delay, the instrument had not arrived. Herz looked at his rough and bearded auditory in very considerable trepidation. What if the gold digging *dilettanti* should take it into their heads to give him a taste of revolver or bowie-knife, by the way of filling up the time! Heavy drops of perspiration stood on the frightened pianist's brow, and he began to wish himself in China, in Kamchatka—anywhere but in California. The miners saw his alarm, and kindly comforted him. "Never mind the cursed pi-a-n-o," said two or three of them soothingly; "we don't care for it; we came to see *you*. Make us a speech!" Herz, with restored serenity, did the best he could. The spoken entertainment seemed to please the audience, and everybody, except the artist, had quite forgotten all about the piano, when its arrival was announced. A number of stout men carried the instrument into the hall, and placed it on the platform. It was a three-cornered, or "grand" piano, and Herz, promising himself to astonish these simple and easily-satisfied inhabitants of the Pacific coast, seated himself on an empty whisky-keg (instead of the more civilised stool). Blum! blum! splash! splash! Not a sound did the piano utter, save that of keys striking in the water! The Californians who had brought the "box" from San Francisco, finding it very heavy, had floated it to town, and, upon dragging it out upon the levee, had neglected to pour the water from the interior.—*Brighton Guardian*.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 14, 1861,

On which occasion the celebrated Violinist,

M. VIEUXTEMPS

(Who has been expressly engaged for these Concerts),

Will make his First Appearance in London, after an absence of Eight Years.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in D minor, for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—(Schubert), M. VIEUXTEMPS, HERR RIES, M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI. Song (Benedict), Miss LASCELLES. Song (G. A. Macfarren), Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON. Prelude and Fugue, à la Tarantella, in A minor—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—(J. S. Bach), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

PART II.—Sonata, in C minor, for Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, Pianoforte, and M. VIEUXTEMPS, Violin—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—(Beethoven). Song (Henry Smart), Miss LASCELLES. Canzonet (Dussek), Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON. Quartet, in E major, No. 50, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Haydn)—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—M. VIEUXTEMPS, HERR RIES, M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI.

Conductor—**MR. BENEDICT.** To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.
Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addison and Co., Schott and Co., Ewer and Co., Simpson, and Oetzmann and Co., Regent Street; Bradberry's, London Crystal Palace, Oxford Street; Duff and Co., 68 Oxford Street; Prowse, Halfway Street; Childley, 195 High Holborn; Purday, 50 St. Paul's Church Yard; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside, Turner, 19 Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6 Finsbury Place, South; Hamfress, 4 Old Church Street, Paddington Green; Fabian, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; Ransford and Son, 2 Princes Street, Cavendish Square; Ivory, 275 Euston Road; Mitchell, Leader and Co., Olivier, Campbell, Hopwood and Crewe, and Willis, Bond Street, and CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond Street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—Last Nights of Queen Topaze.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), **QUEEN TOPAZE.** Characters by Messrs. SWIFT, SANTLEY, PATY, FERROT, BARTLEMAN; Mlle. ALESSANDRI and Mlle. PAREPA. Mlle. MORLACCHI and M. MASSOT will dance in the incidental ballet. The highly successful pantomime of **HARLEQUIN AND TOM THUMB**; or, *Merlin the Magician*. The scenery by Mr. William Beverley. Notice.—During the Pantomime the doors open at half-past 6, commence at 7 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Notice.—The opera commences at 7 o'clock, the pantomime commences at 9 o'clock each evening. Carriages to be ordered for 11 o'clock. To-day (Saturday), January 5th, a Grand Morning Performance of the Children's Pantomime. Commences at 2 o'clock, terminates at 4. On Monday next will be performed, in English, the First and Fourth Acts of **IL TROVATORE**. PAREPA, LEMAIRE; SANTLEY, PATY, SWIFT. Conductor—**MR. HENRY BLAGROVE.**

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E. SMITH. THIS EVENING (Saturday) Her Majesty's servants will perform the new comedy, in two acts, entitled **THE ADVENTURES OF A BILLET-DOUX**. The new Grand Comic Christmas Annual, under the title of **PETER WILKINS**; or, *Harlequin and the Flying Women of the Loadstone Island*. Scenery by Beverley. The opening by Blanchard. Produced under the superintendence of Robert Roxby. Harlequins, Mr. Cormack and Mr. St. Maine; Columbines, the Misses Guinness; Pantaloon, Mr. Naylor and Mr. E. R. Martin; Clowns, Mr. Huline and Mr. R. Power, and a little one in by Young Huline; Sprites, by the celebrated Lavator Lee Family. Reduced prices as usual. Open at half-past 6; commence at 7 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 till 5.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of the **THE MUSICAL WORLD** is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 229 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 229 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1861.

THE Philharmonic Society is busy, if we are not misinformed, in reconstructing its orchestra. Only those members of the old band who are not attached to the Royal Italian Opera will (*can*) remain. Happily some of these are first-class men, some, indeed, what our French friends describe as "*hors ligne*," among them being found such players as Mr. Blagrove, Herr Becker, &c. On the other hand it is well known that several artists of the highest eminence, *not* engaged at Covent Garden, are scattered about the country. The co-operation of all or most of these, we are told, it is the intention of the Philharmonic directors to invite. Our readers are of course aware that one of the best double-bass players (Mr. Rowland), one of the best horn-players (Mr. H. Jarrett), and one of the best violinists (Mr. W. Thomas) in Europe, the best violoncellist (Sig. Piatti), together with such capital "fiddlers" as MM. Bezeth, Goffrie, &c., have for years seceded from the Royal Italian orchestra. They will naturally, without exception, be applied to, as well as many others of scarcely inferior talent, whom we cannot stop just now to designate by name, to fill up the vacancies caused by the desertion of the "forty," who henceforth must depend for their income upon the Opera in Bow Street, the Sacred Harmonic Society and the triennial festivals at Birmingham, Bradford and Norwich—providing, by the way, that future undertakings in Floral Hall, during the autumn months, do not ("accidentally") deprive them of the last.

For our own parts, much as we deplore the breaking up of the long-established Philharmonic band, we should still more deeply regret such a possible crisis as the ultimate breaking up of the Philharmonic Society itself. Such an event would be little short of a national calamity; though, had the directors for one instant entertained the idea of changing the days of any, *even one*, of their concerts, from Monday to Wednesday (as was politely suggested to them,

in their emergency, by those very persons who precipitated that emergency), no other result could have been anticipated. A Philharmonic concert, not on a Monday (evening), would be no Philharmonic concert at all. But the honest work of nearly half a century is scarcely to be upset by a temporary difficulty, however perplexing; and the directors, in positively refusing to make any compromise, big or small, have acted with no less wisdom than determination. Had they conceded one point, they would soon have been asked to concede another. The difficulty, such as it is, was nevertheless, boldly confronted; and for the sake of the players themselves—who, we cannot but think, showed strange weakness in subjecting their individual liberties of action to the blind control of a despotism—we sincerely trust that the mere secession of an orchestra, no matter how excellent, may never, in a country with such vast musical resources as Great Britain be accepted as equivalent to the inevitable dissolution of a time-honoured and important musical body-corporate. Some day the musicians who have abandoned the Philharmonic to its fate, will probably find reason to regret their want of *esprit de corps*—or, in other words, unanimity of sentiment—which prevented them from making a steady though respectful protest, and declining to sign away their rights as free citizens for any temptation, or in deference to any covert intimation of what might be the probable consequences of that refusal. Last year they made a resolute stand, precisely under similar circumstances.

As for orchestral performers, we verily believe there are enough in this country, at present unattached, to form another Philharmonic orchestra, and a strong one, even supposing that Professor Bennett (like Mr. Lumley, in 1846,) were left without a fiddle, drum-stick, *flauto piccolo*, or trombone.

ENGLISH composers cannot complain that English managers have done nothing for them within the last season or two. That National Opera is in the ascendant is entirely due to the energy and enterprise of the winter directors of the two great Italian houses. It is gratifying to know that English Opera has sprung from Italian speculation. But for Her Majesty's Theatre and Covent Garden, we should certainly not now have two theatres devoted to national music. How far the two establishments may prove an advantage, depends on the judgment and discretion of the managers. These are despotic rulers, in whose hands their destinies are placed, with no fear, save from public opinion; with no check, save from public expression. No doubt the directors have a ticklish part to play. They cannot please all parties; in their desire to do so, they may realise the fable of the old man and his ass, and please nobody. There are, however, certain broad principles to act upon, which *a priori* would seem to constitute the basis of theatrical administration, and to depart from which would necessarily imply some fatuity or perversion of understanding. The first consideration in originating an English operatic speculation would be, we need hardly say, the production of English operas. This is self-evident and incontrovertible. If the director, nevertheless, thinks fit to vary his programme by some foreign work of celebrity, translated into the vernacular, the musical public will not object, provided the work be well adapted to the performers. In short, a good Italian or French opera, if suitable to our artists, would be just as acceptable, or nearly so, at any rate, as a new opera by a favourite native composer. No English opera perhaps was ever received with greater favour than

Masaniello, *Fra Diavolo*, or *Gustavus*, not merely because the music was in each instance excellent, but because our singers could both sing and act. Braham's performance of the Neapolitan fisherman enhanced the magnificence of Auber's music, and although our great tenor was by no means the *beau idéal* of Scribe's brigand, his execution of the music of *Fra Diavolo* was incomparable. We may, therefore, rest satisfied that if Mr. E. T. Smith, or Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison could present us with more *Masaniellos*, *Gustavuses*, or *Fra Diavolos*, the public would not complain that they were not national works, but be delighted to get them under any circumstances. Has this been the policy of the managers of English Operas either at Her Majesty's Theatre or at Covent Garden? Apparently not.

The first work produced by Mr. Smith this year, in his inaugurative undertaking of National Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, was *Robin Hood*, by Mr. Macfarren. So far so well. The second was *Queen Topaze*, an English version of a French opera, entitled *La Reine Topaze*, by M. Victor Massé, a French composer. So far so ill. The first novelty presented to the public this season by Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison was *Georgette*, an English version of a French opera, entitled *Les Noces de Jeannette*, by M. Victor Massé, a French composer. What! two French operas by one French composer, produced within a week or so at the two great English Opera-houses! Precisely. Who is M. Victor Massé, the French composer, that he could so bend and sway from their line of strict obligation the managers of the national theatres, who had pledged themselves to stand by native musicians at all risks, and in defiance of all opposition (*vide prospectuses*)? Surely he must be a greater genius than Auber, Boieldieu, Herold, &c., and have written more striking and admirable works than *La Dame Blanche*, the *Pré aux Clercs*, *Fra Diavolo*, or *Lestocq*. No such thing. M. Victor Massé is a man of moderate talent, and may be reckoned among third-rate French composers. Moreover, the two productions which have exercised so profound an influence on the English directors are considered comparatively of little worth even in Paris, where they first saw the light. This is incredible! Nevertheless, there must have been something in these operas upon which Mr. Smith and Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison confidently reckoned for a triumphant result. What the managers saw in M. Victor Massé's operas we cannot say; but we may assert that the elements of success were not found in the least degree either in *Georgette* or in *Queen Topaze*. Let the admirers of English opera chew upon this, and draw their own conclusions therefrom.

We have just been informed that Auber's *Domino Noir* is in active rehearsal at the Royal English Opera. We are not greatly delighted with this news. The *Domino Noir* is one of the most sparkling and exquisite works that ever adorned the scene of the Opéra Comique; but we are not quite satisfied that it will bear translation to the boards of Covent Garden. The music is too delicate, too *spirituel* for the broader sensibilities and tastes of the English public, while the characters, even more than those in the *Crown Diamonds*, demand an amount of *finesse* and finish in the acting, not to be found in our best English singers. Not that the music would not delight on its own account. In no country in the world is the genius of Auber more thoroughly appreciated than in England. But the *Domino Noir* perhaps, of all the renowned composer's operas, requires a perfect ensemble and nicety in the details, which we must not look for on the English stage. At all events, if we must

have the *Domino Noir*, let us have it in its purity and entirety, without amalgam or alloy. Let not Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison, in their intense anxiety to gratify the English musical taste, attempt to recommend Auber with even the choicest seasonings of Messrs. Benedict, Brinley Richards and Tully; nor seek to lend a false brilliancy to the *finale*, by interpolating tinsel variations on some catching theme, which has neither meaning nor purpose. If Auber cannot please by his own music, no changes or additions will make him do so. Champagne will bear admixture with no other wine.

NOW that the first concert of the third season of the Musical Society of London is at hand, a suggestion or two may not be altogether out of place. The concerts should be made as nearly as possible what is termed "attractive," but at the same time they should not be without evident purpose. A new composition of some importance ought, as a *sine quâ non*, to be a feature in every programme. It is probable that, as very few trials have taken place, there is not much to be expected from their influence. Nor, by the way, have we any great faith in "trials," unless where a definite purpose is in contemplation. In what did the trial of orchestral works by the Philharmonic band last year—at the invitation, too, of the Philharmonic directors—result? Answer—"smoke." A number of pieces were carelessly gone through—once or twice, according to the sensitiveness of the composer—and from that very day forgotten. At any rate, it is notorious that not a single specimen was laid before the subscribers at any one of the six concerts.

We can hardly blame the Philharmonic Society, the peculiar nature of its constitution borne in mind, for this seeming apathy to the claims of native and living composers; but we may fairly reproach the Musical Society of London, if it produces nothing new, or revives nothing that has ill deserved neglect, in the course of the ensuing season. Novelty is expected at its hands; and if novelty be not forthcoming, people have a right to ask, and will ask, what are the precise objects of the institution.

We cannot insist too often that if the Musical Society of London aims at nothing more than holding four concerts and a couple of "conversaciones"—as they are styled—in St. James's Hall, it merely helps to illustrate the fable of the mountain and the mouse. True, it is, or promises to be, a self-supporting body, and may tell the public at large to go about its business. It don't want the public at large; in short, it has got no accommodation for the public at large, strictly so denominated. St. James's Hall is scarcely big enough to hold the fellows, associates and subscribers who propose sooner or later to become associates and fellows themselves. All this is undeniable; and yet, on the other hand, the Musical Society of London courts public sympathy, and is for this reason amenable to public criticism. It does not solely think to benefit itself by holding pleasant conversaciones and giving much pleasanter concerts for its own particular gratification. If it intended no more than that it could hardly with conscience send invitations to the press; because in that case the press would have no more business to report or chronicle its proceedings at St. James's Hall than report the private concerts and *soirées* of Lord Baresacres and the Duchess of Fitzbattlease. We are therefore in no wise transgressing the rules of propriety in discussing the (public) acts of the Council of the Musical Society of London, and in a future number shall take the liberty of offering the "few suggestions" hinted at above.

SUMMER is certainly the season of music; the birds, the Italian singers, and the Savoyard organ-grinders, arrive in England in the spring and go away in the autumn. Perhaps the organ-grinders do not go away, but at least large numbers of them disappear from London. At the same time the Italian singers are replaced by harlequin, columbine, clown and pantaloons (for it is they who really constitute the "attraction" at our two operatic theatres just now), and in place of linnets and nightingales, we have pheasants and partridges. This last substitution may be tolerated, for we have a passion for game, and have always maintained that even the best of our singing birds do not know how to sing; how could they poor things, never having been taught? Some of them it is true, a few miserable bullfinches of German origin for instance, have received instruction, and yet these sing ten thousand times worse than the warblers of the woods, who, as long as they keep to their woods are, we admit, very charming.

We shall be glad for our part to hear that "Summer is icumen," as Mr. Chappell would say, or even that Spring is "icumen," and that audiences who love music are "icumen," and, above all, that pantomimes are "agoing." Pantomimes are like the plumpuddings of which they are the inevitable Christmas accompaniments. You can manage to digest them when you are very young, but they soon oppress you, soon bore you, and you very soon begin to hate them. Heaven forgive us for undervaluing for an instant (writing too in a London coffee-room!) the enchanting music of the birds! What was that sound which struck with deadening effect upon our ears one night last week when we ventured to enter Covent Garden after the "Marriage of George" had been played? That accursed, thousand times repeated twittering of fiddles, issuing from an orchestra which five minutes before had been directed by Mr. Alfred Mellon, and which had actually gained a reputation second to that of no other orchestra in London! Surely the music is worthy of the drama! The twittering and strumming is as good in its way as the low buffoonery of chorus, the idiotic pleasantries of pantaloons, the unmeaning agility of harlequins. Of the columbine only it is not worthy—when the columbine happens to be pretty; pantomime music being of an ugly and grovelling character, such as can in no way be associated with female beauty.

"Children like pantomimes as they are," we shall be told. But would they like them one atom the less if they were accompanied by music instead of the most vulgar noise that musical instruments can possibly produce? We think not; and we will even venture to say that lively and appropriate music of a genuine kind would make pantomimes twice as attractive as they are now to the general public, while to lovers of music they would at least cease to be the ear-piercing nuisances that they are at present.

But is not the effect of the cold on the human vocalists really very distressing? Is it not sad that we should have scarcely any singers in London just now, and that those who are here should either be unwilling to sing or unable to get any one to listen to them?

M. VIEUXTEMPS.—This celebrated violinist arrived in London yesterday, to fulfil his engagement with the Monday Popular Concerts. He leaves to-night for Glasgow, where the provincial tour, under the direction of Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, is to commence. The other concerts, at all of which M. Vieuxtemps will play, are to be held at Edinburgh, Newcastle, Manchester and Liverpool, at which last town, both a morning and evening performance are announced.

THE ORGAN.*

TWELFTH STUDY.—THE INFLUENCE OF FORM OR QUALITY OF TONE CONTINUED—THE FORM OF THE MOUTHS AND TONGUES OF THE PIPES.

SINCE the vibrations, which produce the sound in an organ pipe, depend for their character on that of the vibrating apparatus, the dimensions of this apparatus in all its parts must necessarily influence the quality of the tone. In the case of pipes with mouths, as distinguished from reed pipes, it is of the greatest importance, and most essential, to make the lips exactly parallel to one another, first, for their effect on the eye, then for their effect on the ear; for if the proportions of the mouth are destroyed, it is no longer possible so to train it as to get from it those effects which are proper to it, and which it is most desirable it should produce. A low mouth, one, that is, in which the lips are at no great distance from one another, will yield a feeble sound, but a cutting quality of tone. This is due to the quick rush of the wind, which, on first issuing from the throat† of the pipe, dashes headlong against the cutting edge of the upper lip, at the very outset of its flight, and at the top of its speed. In this case the upper lip has great hold upon the current air on its first issuing from the throat of the pipe; but in proportion as the lips are removed to a greater distance from one another, the upper lip will have less hold upon this current, and the result will be a less cutting quality of tone. The higher, the more gaping a mouth is, the weaker also will be the sound emitted by it, and the quality of its tone will be then somewhat hollow and without much body, not wholly unlike the voice of a singer who opens his mouth too wide. From this defect his voice loses its vigour, and becomes dull. Perfection would seem to consist in a certain roundness of tone lying midway between the two extremes.

There is a measure for the length of the lips, which admits of no deviation, and this is, that they should be as long as the fourth part of the circumference of the pipe. But the height of the mouths, the distance—that is, from lip to lip—varies, as we have already seen, according to the nature of the stop; and the great variety of flue-pipes, open and stopped, especially in Germany, shows us how builders are able to make use of the greater or less distance of one lip from the other for the production of an almost infinite variety of qualities of tone, and even shades of the same. We also find in the scales or measures laid down by German and French builders, that the third or the fourth, and even two-sevenths of the length of the lips, is given for the height of the mouths of the open pipes, and that for stopped pipes, for the obvious reason that they are more dull in their sound, their mouths are opened almost to the half of the length of their lips. A difference, too, is made in determining the particular measures between the pipes of metal and those of wood, but this regards the builder only; all that it concerns us to notice is the influence that this or that particular kind of lip has upon the quality of the tone.

We have noticed the effect that follows from the lips being at a greater or less distance, when one is perpendicular to the other; we have next to consider the effect of their being at various distances in a diagonal direction. This diagonal distance has more effect, properly speaking, upon the speech of the pipe than upon the quality of its tone, though, as has been already shown, the quality of the tone does undoubtedly very closely depend upon the relative proportions of all the sound-producing parts of the pipe. We know very well that for the pipe to speak properly, or yield its true quality of tone, the air coming from the throat ought to be directed by the lower lip against the cutting edge of the upper lip. This upper lip is then made for this reason a little in arrear of the lower one, and it is the greater or less departure of the upper lip from the perpendicular line that falls between it and the lower lip which regulates the sound and quality of the tone. If the upper lip is either too much in front of the lower lip, or too much in arrear of it, the pipe will not speak at all, for the air in either case does not then get that sort of cut against the edge of the upper lip, which is absolutely necessary for it, in order that it may

make the pipe speak. If this lip (the upper that is), is not far enough in arrear, within the pipe, the pipe will speak its octave; if, on the other hand, it is too far back, the pipe will be slow to speak, and in both these ways the quality of tone is very sensibly modified.

From what has been now said, it will be clearly seen that the wind may be said to find the centre of its action in the mouth of the pipe. The lips are subject to a perpetual and not inconsiderable tremulous motion, which would very soon change their form unless they were made thicker than the rest of the pipe, and that more especially about the base of the mouth. Some builders even, for the sake of greater solidity, edge the mouths of their open metal pipes with a thin plate of metal fixed at right angles to each extremity of the mouth. This they are obliged to do in the case of their stopped metal pipes, because otherwise they would not be able to tune them, the tuning of these pipes being effected either by pressing these plates of metal, or *ears*, as they are called, closer together, or by separating them further apart.

After the lips, we have to consider that part of the vibrating apparatus which is called the language. This is a small piece of metal which, according as it is set at a greater or less distance from the lower lip, and according to the angle which it makes with it, has a most material influence on the character of the sound. Its edge, by almost meeting the lower lip, forms, with it, the throat of the pipe, and the more cutting this edge is, the more cutting also will be the quality of the tone. Its thickness is a matter of considerable importance; for if it were too thin it would yield to the pressure of the wind, and though it might not lose it hold, it would at least get out of place and lose its proper position exactly opposite the lower lip. Hence it is better to make it of tin than lead, because tin is less flexible and less easily oxidised by the air than lead. In thickness it should be about the third of the height of the mouth, and it should be inclined to the lower lip at an angle of about sixty degrees. It is quite as important for the language to be parallel to the lower lip as it is for the lips to be parallel the one to the other. Its office is to direct the current of air against the upper lip. If then the language is inclined at too great an angle to the lip, the air will be directed by it into the body of the pipe and not against the lip; if it is not inclined enough, the air will be directed by it wholly outside the pipe; if, again, the language is depressed on one side, and raised up on the other, it will no longer be of any use at all as a means for directing the current of air. Hence, the least movement in the language from its true position has great influence on the sound, and consequently on the quality of the tone, for if it is so inclined as to direct the air too much to the inside of the pipe, the quality of the tone will become dull and unmusical; if too much to the outside of the pipe, the quantity of the sound will not be so great in amount, and the quality of the tone will become hard and wanting in body. If the language is too near the lip, so as to form with it too narrow a throat, the pipe will not be supplied with a proper quantity of sound, and hence its quality of tone not being in proportion to its scale, will be wanting in sufficient body of sound; if the language, on the contrary, is too far removed from the lip, it will make the throat too large, and, in this case, the quantity of wind, which it will allow to escape, will be more than the vibrating apparatus requires for its proper action, and hence the quality of tone will again become not only unmusical, but also what is technically called windy. The same effect will be produced if there are too many of those teeth or notches, which it is necessary to make in the edge of the language in order that the pipe may speak with greater promptness. If these notches are only lightly marked it will not be difficult to obtain a biting quality of tone; if they are cut deep and near together, they will have a very considerable influence in diminishing the force of the air, because by their roughness they will put a hindrance in the way of its passing freely through the throat. In general, if the throat is too narrow, the pipe has great difficulty in speaking, but when it will speak well under such straitened circumstances, the quality of its tone will be much more clear and keen; when, on the contrary, this same aperture is only a little too wide, the sound and quality of tone will be somewhat more mellow, but the quality will lose something of its keenness, and be deficient both in steadiness and vigour.

* From *L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu*, by Joseph Regnier.

† This is perhaps more commonly called the wedge.

In the reed pipes, the vibrating apparatus, the reed, that is, and all that is necessary for the proper sounding of the tongue, have no less an influence on the quality of their tone than that which is necessary for their speech in the pipes, of which we have been just speaking. Shortness in the reed* is the cause of sweetness and thinness in the quality, length in the same enables builders to put strong tongues, the tone of which will be equal in brightness to its strength. "It is remarkable," says Dom Bédos, "that reeds varying in length find favour with all the most skilful builders. . . . So made, they must of necessity yield sounds differing from one another in power, and each sound good in its kind. Without pretending to decide which system is best; whether, that is, it is better to use long or short reeds, I certainly think that short reeds are better for organs intended for small churches, because in their case the builder is obliged to voice them soft. Large reeds require to be voiced loud, and therefore they would have a very good effect in large churches."

The hardness of the tongues, attained by cold beating, and their thickness, are also an important element towards forming the quality of the tone of reed pipes. If the tongue is harder than it ought to be the quality will be also hard, poor and feeble if the tongue is also feeble. "If they are much beaten," says our author, "they must be smaller than if they are only moderately beaten, or not beaten at all. As in the flue pipes, it is necessary for the lips to be exactly parallel to one another and to the language, so also in the case both of *striking* reeds and *free* reeds, regularity of movement in the tongues, and an exact proportion between their length and thickness, are most essential elements towards purity and brightness in the quality of their tone. This observation, taken together with what has been said about the reed and its parts, the vibrations of which perform the same office as those of the column of air in the open or stopped flue pipes, makes it quite evident that if the smaller pipe of such stops yields a fine and thin quality of tone, the small tongues of reed pipes will yield also a quality of tone every way analogous to this. In fact, the quality depends on the mass of air made to vibrate, and the mass of air made to vibrate depends on the size of the tongue; the greater, then, the surface of the tongue striking the air, the greater, also, the column of air made to vibrate under its blows. From this follows a singular phenomena, which science finds it more easy to attest than to account for, and this is, that though the length and thickness of the tongues act very powerfully upon the pitch of reed pipes, so as even to make it vary a note higher or lower, their breadth acts upon nothing but the quality of their tone. And hence it is certain, that, however much the breadth of the tongue is either increased or diminished, as long as the length and thickness of it remain the same, the number of the vibrations will remain the same also, and, consequently, that the note or pitch of the pipe will not vary. All the difference that will arise from this variation in the breadth either way will be, that narrowness in the tongue will yield the quality of tone of all the finer kinds of scales, and that breadth will yield that of all those scales which allow to the wind a fuller and more ample range, while an exact proportion between the parts will assure to them both roundness and vigour. In all these respects there is so great a correspondence between reed pipes and open or stopped flue pipes, that what is said of the one class may with equal propriety be said of the other.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The only thing in the shape of novelty announced at this theatre is two acts of the *Trovatore*, in English, with which the performances commence on Monday. Our operatic readers will be glad to learn that all obstacles to the speedy production of Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch* are effectually brushed away.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Alfred Mellon's *Victorine* is announced to be produced on Monday next with Miss Louisa Pyne, *vice* Miss Farepa, in the principal character. Auber's *Domino Noir* is in rehearsal, and there is still some rumour about M. Gounod's *Faust*. In the meanwhile the public are getting impatient to know when Mr. Balfe's *Bianca* is to be produced.

* This is called the beak in German building manuals. A better term, as giving rise to less confusion.

Letters to the Editor.

MUSICAL SIGNS.

SIR,—Having for several years past followed the musical profession, and having experienced from time to time considerable annoyance in reading music, consequent upon the inaptness of musical signs to express things signified, I have thought it desirable, through the medium of your valuable paper, to lay before the musical world generally a few ideas, which, if carried out in future publications, would, I flatter myself, much help the profession and musical public.

First and foremost then, I will commence with the *slur* — intended at present for a twofold duty, and consequently often confounded with the *bind*. Now, could we not have the *bracket* [] instead of the slur for the tie or bind, and hence get rid of occasional ambiguity? Professor Bennett's is, I believe, the only music in which I find it employed; but why should it not be universally adopted and printed? Next, I would suggest a more definite signature—why should not a minor key be made evident at a glance, that the amateur who may know but very little of the theory of music, and yet have practised the scales, be without the least doubt as to the *mode* in which a piece of music may be, or in which it may at least *commence*.* I will next suggest a new character in lieu of the clumsy double flat at present used. Can we not have a new sign? say a character like this— \square or \boxminus —would not this be an improvement? I now come to the *stave*, the highest and lowest lines of which are often made ambiguous through the joining ledger lines together above and below it; but perhaps we cannot alter the *stave* itself; but if the bad practice of joining the ledger lines together were discontinued, and the notes written a little more widely apart, difficulty in reading from that cause would, I feel sure, be done away with. The next alteration I desire is the carrying the bar line *down* through both staves, as in the foreign publications. Our *crotchet* rest also is not as *definite* as the foreigners. Look at P and look at J . You see our foreign friend is supplied with a *tail*, as well as *head*, hence more definite. I am also an advocate for a new double sharp sign, unless we adopt the foreign fingering 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, as the double sharp sign being too much like the \times for the thumb, a change either of the former or the latter seems desirable; perhaps this— $\sharp\sharp$ for a double sharp might be considered an improvement; but the change to the foreign fingering would please me best.

Trusting that my communication may at least have the effect of agitating these questions, and that the subject may be handled by those more able than myself, allow me to remain, with an apology for my perhaps too lengthy letter, yours obliged, a constant reader of your little publication,

PHILHARMONIC.

ORGAN IMPROVEMENTS.

SIR,—Perhaps the following additions, which I made to my organ about thirteen years since, may be found of service to some of your readers; I therefore send the description for insertion in the *MUSICAL WORLD*. At the *back* of the pedal *naturals* I added a raised piece similar to that upon the sharps. This addition facilitates the execution of some pedal passages, the heel being used as the toe is on the sharps. The position of these raised pieces is such as not to interfere with the ordinary method of pedalling. At the same time I contrived the following plan for leaving both feet at liberty for the pedals when using the swell. To the seat is attached a firm back, like the back of a chair. This back is fixed to a bar of iron, which bar is attached to the back of the seat, and is parallel with it. The bar moves, or revolves, in sockets, also fixed to the seat at each end. At one end of the bar is an arm, standing at right angles, and at the end of this arm is a cord, or chain, which, running under pulleys fixed to the floor, and there connected with the swell pedal, enables the player, by mere pressure of his back, to open the swell shutters, both his feet being at liberty for his pedals. It is difficult, I fear, to make the plan perfectly comprehensible by description alone; but as you are not in the habit of adding illustrations to the *MUSICAL WORLD*, I do not forward a sketch, but shall be happy to give any further information to your readers who may be interested in the matter.

Sidmouth, Dec. 26.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

N. S. HEINEKEN.

P.S.—Of course instead of the simple cord or chain a lever might be used.

* For the minor keys the signature would be better with the minor 3rd, and minor 6th, and sharp 7th for sharp keys, as, for example, A minor; and flat 3rd, flat 6th, and natural 7th for flat keys, as in F minor.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SIR,—I wish you would urge the Directors of the Monday Popular Concerts, who so wisely eschew mediocrity in their selections of instrumental pieces, to extend a like rule to the vocal portion of their entertainments. I, a lover of good music, have attended the two recent nights, with, so far as the instrumental concert was concerned, unmixed delight; but in both the pleasant flow of the evening was broken by an ill-advised selection of vocal music. On the latter occasion Miss — sang a song by —, and on the former Miss — one by —, of the abstract merits of which perhaps the less said the better; but their merits (and especially this applies to the last-named song) relatively to the instrumental pieces may be characterised by one word—twaddle. Now I venture to think this a mistake, and I am the more convinced that it is so, by contrasting the effect which both the above ladies produced in their second songs, over the selection of which a better genius had presided. Their first efforts fell flat, as they deserved to do; while their second songs roused and delighted the audience.

I venture to trouble you with this; for, as an overworked professional man to whom music is his only relaxation, I am anxious that nothing should mar the success of the Popular Concerts.

I am, your obedient servant,

M. D.

P.S.—I do not, of course, mean to dispute Messrs. —'s undoubted talent; nay, I admit the songs in question are good enough as drawing-room music, and also that their composers are capable of much better things.

[We have inserted the above letter in a spirit of eclecticism, but we disagree altogether with its contents in their application to those composers whose names we have purposely omitted.—Ed. M. W.]

Provincial.

THE HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS in the larger towns and cities of the provinces are about to receive a great accession to their strength in a series of Monday Popular Concerts, to be given at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Newcastle, Bradford, Manchester and Liverpool. These admirable performances, conducted with so much spirit, judgment, and skill, cannot fail to exercise a healthy influence on the provincial taste, which, doubtless, needs invigoration from some purer source than ill-digested operas, oratorios inefficiently executed, or chance miscellaneous concerts. That the same energy which has been all along so conspicuous at St. James's Hall, will be carried into the country, may be argued from the first programme of the inaugural provincial series:—

Part I.—Quartet in G No. 1 (dedicated to Haydn), Mozart; song, "Name the glad day" (canzonet), Dussek; Prelude, Sarabande and Gavotte, for violoncello, J. S. Bach; song, "The Bellringer," Wallace; Sonata in E flat, No. 3, Op. 29, Beethoven. Part II.—Sonata in B flat, No. 1, Op. 69, for violin and piano, Dussek; Song, "Ah! why do we love?" Macfarren; song, "I'm a roamer," Mendelssohn; quartet in B flat, No. 6, Op. 18, Beethoven.

The instrumental performers are, M. Vieuxtemps, Herr Ries, M. Schreurs, Signor Piatti and M. Charles Hallé; the vocalists, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Weiss. M. Charles Hallé is conductor, a guarantee that the Monday Popular Concerts will lose nothing of their metropolitan *prestige* in their temporary removal to the provinces. "It is intended," writes the published analytic programme of the provincial series, "to follow up this inaugural series with others of a similar character, and at convenient intervals to solicit the approving verdicts of provincial audiences for those programmes which elicited the most marked favour at St. James's Hall."—At the last of the Saturday Concerts in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington sang, as did also Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Weiss and Signor Sarti. The attractions of the concert were further enhanced by the performance of M. Sainton on the violin, and M. Lemmens on the harmonium. We read good accounts in the local journals of the Christmas-eve performance of the *Messiah* at the Town Hall, Leeds. The singers were, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mrs. Sunderland, who shared the soprano music; Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Santley and Mr. Inkersall. "The very crowded audience," writes the *Leeds Intelligencer*,

"that overflowed the Town Hall showed, in their earnestness of demeanour and decorous attention, that ardent love of Handel's masterpiece for which Yorkshire has been famous during a century. Their expectations were handsomely fulfilled; for the whole of the music was sung with such rich vocal quality, so thorough a knowledge of the text, and such genial sympathy with the majestic subject, as to make up a performance which we think in the present day has been never surpassed." As all the praise is bestowed on the Choral Union and the soloists, and not one word said of the orchestra—an oversight, surely, in an article nearly a column long—we may take for granted that the band was superior to that of the Sacred Harmonic Society. That the writer, nevertheless, has peculiar opinions on the subject of music, we think, may be seen in the following speculations which occur at the conclusion of his notice:—

"We have no wish to select any points which might be improved, especially because the grandeur of Christmas-eve's oratorio was due more than anything else to the unanimous spirit and sympathy of the singers with the poetry they were singing; and this consciousness gives us the opportunity to enter our protest against any other motive power being allowed to take precedence. Handel never wrote his sacred music to vindicate the science of sound, and stop there; but, catching from Nature the harmony which is to genius as the breath of God, he chained it down to a lifeless scroll, that he might preserve to men the memory of their forgotten emotions, and develop, in grand harmony, the heart-binding personality of God. We congratulate our talented conductor, then, on the artistic finish and vocal wealth of his Choral Union, but we beg of him, and of them, to let every performance of the *Messiah* rise higher and still higher, in spiritual warmth and expression, than the point it worthily attained to on Christmas-eve."

This is the *bonâ fide* "transcendental" style. Another performance of the *Messiah* was given in the same locality on the Saturday previous to the Leeds Town-hall Concert Society, in which the principal singers were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Witham, Miss Crossland, Mr. Inkersall and Mr. Weiss, the band being the West Riding Orchestral Union, and the chorus the Leeds Madrigal Society's Concert Choir. Mr. Jackson, of Bradford, officiated as conductor, and Mr. Spark presided at the organ. The performance, though not spoken of in such lavish terms, appears to have been more than creditable. Mr. Weiss particularly seems to have created a great sensation. "The fine and well-cultivated bass voice of Mr. Weiss," says the *Intelligencer*, "gave a degree of grandeur and sublimity to his singing, which roused the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch. His powers of declamation were finely displayed in the air, 'Why do the nations furiously rage together?' The eminent basso achieved a decided triumph, and the piece was loudly encored."—The musical public of WORCESTER, evidently not so exacting as Leeds, rests content with "selections" from the *Messiah* instead of the whole work—not at all complimentary, by the way, to a city pertaining to the Festival of the Three Choirs. The two Christmas Concerts at the Music Hall were but thinly attended. The performance of *Maritana* and the *Trovatore* at the theatre on the previous Wednesday, with Miss Fanny Reeves and Mr. Elliot Galer, as soprano and tenor, was more attractive. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean are announced to appear in *The Wife's Secret* on Wednesday next.

The London correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion*, in his amusing hebdomadal contribution, under the head of "Metropolitan Gossip," thus alludes to the death of Mr. Alfred Bunn:—

"However, as far as the British lion is concerned, the leap-year has jumped into the gulf of eternity in a blaze of triumph, as poor Bunn used to say, the once radiant Alfred having himself gone out, and it is to be hoped gone up, in an illumination of wax candles, Roman candles, of course; for the author of the 'Light of other days' died in that faith whereof commercial splendour forms a potential element. With what gusto Bunn used to tell the tale of the pyrotechnist on whose tomb a sorrowing and admiring friend inscribed the ingeniously alarming epitaph:—'He is gone where only his own fireworks can be excelled!' Let us trust that the same professional aspiration is applicable to Bunn's case now, but with a difference in the degrees of latitude and temperature. There has been no such secession from Thames to Tiber since the time of his operatic friend, Ambrogetti, the once magnificent baritone and lady-killing Apollo of the King's Theatre, and who, retiring in the prime of life and the heyday of fortune from the boards, became a brother of La Trappe, preferring that order perhaps in memory of his great

character Giovanni, in which he used to make his subterranean exit down the stage in a cataract of brimstone brilliancy and a whirlwind of unearthly music, including the catcall cry of that sad dog Leporello, and the horse-laugh of the equestrian marble statue. Unlike the Italian, however, King Alfred became no anchorite in his retirement, and was probably as little of an ascetic as the abdicated Charles V., who used to fast in the monastery of Yuste on sixteen courses of fish, and carp at every one of them if its sauces were not more piquant than of the one preceding. Bunn had troops of friends, but wasn't without crowds of enemies, beginning perhaps with another Giovanni, though not an harmonious one, for he was notorious for the creation of family jars and domestic discords among flats and sharps, namely—the late “dark and imperious Earl,” Fitzhardinge, who, when Colonel Berkeley, raised a fatal Cresswell Cresswellised flame in the heart of Alfred's rib, the once beautiful Margaret Agnes Somerville, whose Belvidera and Bianca divided the town with Miss O'Neill's, while her portraiture of the petrified Perdita would put Pygmalion ardour in a bosom of flint—set at 21, when gentlemen arrive at years of indiscretion, and may make fools of themselves according to act of parliament, provided they can pay for their capers. “Why should a man ever be more than one and twenty?” as Farren used to say, with such poignant drollery, in Bunn's! own masterly play of the *Minister and the Mercer*, with Dowton for the shopkeeper, and the other incomparable comedian as the diplomatist. Alack, why indeed? Echo answers why; but the wherefore sticks in Echo's throat, like the Amen in Macbeth's; and for the same reason; because the utterance is garbled by thoughts associated with the lachrymatory ducts and sentimental pocket-handkerchiefs, which perhaps it is a crying shame to introduce at this hilarious season, with *Twelfth Night*, or *What you Will*, scarcely half-a-dozen days off, and when every gill-filling Jack will say with Sir Toby,—“Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? Yes, by St. Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth, too!” Bunn should not have died hereafter. Any delay in his final farewell of the scene of life would not have been for his benefit; and it is creditable to his management that he shuffled off the mortal coil instead of dragging it, like a wounded snake, any longer. The sight of this year's pantomimes, all over London, would have put him to tortures more terrible than the throat-rattle agony of his old foe, Macready, in what Ducrow used to call the pint of pisin (poison) business in *King John*. Ghost of Mother Goose, skeleton of Grimaldi, only to behold the appalling death's head and cross-bones contortions and grimaces of wooden brain lumbering body and dumpling visage that now pass for pleasantry, and are accepted as such by our poppy-headed public! Preadamite jokes, antediluvian tricks, fossilised fun that must have been antiquated when Methuselah was in petticoats, spasmodic humour that would give an ostrich a strychniafied stomach-ache to swallow a grain of, are thrust before our many-headed monster, Mr. Bull, who absorbs it all, in the manner of the Lord Wodehouse's ancestor, the Dragon of Wantley, who thought nothing of a cowhouse, a sheepfold, and a couple of church-steeples for breakfast. The extravaganzas are burlesques on amusement, calculated only to entertain a misanthrope who finds pleasure in that most terrible of mundane spectacles more shocking than a rouged corpse—imbecility masquerading in what it believes to be wit. But we are in an age of progress: whither? That's the point; and stinging and barbed that point is, Penny newspapers multiply; and penny wisdom suffices the sagacity of our wiseacres.

In noticing the performance of Miss Helena Walker in the *Messiah* at Sheffield last Wednesday week, the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* says:—“Miss Helena Walker made her first appearance in this town, and from the manner in which she acquitted herself, there is little doubt but her services will be required on future occasions. Her voice is a soprano of the purest quality; and she sings with that simplicity and distinctness of articulation which always finds a response in her audience. She sang the two airs, ‘rejoice greatly’ and ‘I know that my Redeemer liveth,’ and it was difficult whether to admire most, the animated brilliancy of the former, or the profound and touching pathos exhibited in the latter.”

A concert was given in the Town Hall, Brentford, on Thursday evening, the 20th ult. (writes a *Correspondent*), in connection with the Literary Club. The programme was such as is not often heard at a provincial concert. The part songs, &c., by the full choir, included “The hardy Norseman,” “Now is the month of maying,” “When winds breathe soft,” “Sleep gentle lady,” &c., and a solo glee by the conductor, Mr. C. J. Cross—“Beautiful night.” Mr. Humphrey declaimed Purcell's “Come if you dare,”

with much force and vigour. The single-voiced glees were Bishop's “Blow, gentle gales,” and Mendelssohn's “Nightingale,” both well given. Two glees for male voices—Haartels, “The Miller's daughter,” and Mendelssohn's “Love and wine,”—were given with spirit. Miss Jane Palmer sang Haydn's air, “She never told her love,” Mr. Evans the ballad in *Robin Hood*, “My own my guiding star,” Miss Saunders “The convent cell,” from the *Rose of Castile*, and Mrs. Harriet Lee, Mr. Macfarren's ballad, “The beating of my own heart.” Mrs. Lee being encored, substituted “Rory O'More,” which she sang without copy of the music or words. In the midst of one of the verses she suddenly forgot the words, which led to much merriment, on the part of the audience, in which the lady joined heartily, and beginning the verse again, arrived without interruption at the end. Mr. Cross sang the old song, “The leather bottle,” and also a medley. The concert was conducted by the last-named gentleman. The Town Hall was crowded in every part. It is gratifying to hear that the Brentford Literary Club is in a flourishing condition.

The Christmas performances of the *Messiah* have not been confined to England, nor even to southern Scotland. From the *Aberdeen Express* we learn that Handel's oratorio was performed at the Music Hall in the great northern Scotch city, on Friday, the 28th ult., the success of which appears to have been beyond all precedent. The notice of our Caledonian contemporary is sufficiently interesting to warrant us in laying it almost *in extenso* before our readers, more especially as it was the first appearance of Miss Augusta Thomson in her native country, and the first time of her singing the soprano music of the *Messiah* entire, which, doubtless, her friends will be glad to peruse.

Rarely has the Music Hall presented so brilliant an appearance as on Friday evening last, when an audience of fully two thousand were assembled at seven o'clock, in the expectation that, at that hour, the overture to Handel's *Messiah* would then be commenced. As the minutes glided on, without any signs of the orchestra being occupied, tokens of impatience began to be exhibited, which, after some time, were somewhat allayed by the chorists taking their places, but which again broke forth at intervals, until at twenty-five minutes after time, the band, Miss Augusta Thomson (soprano), Miss Clara Mackenzie (alto), Mr. George C. Cooper (tenor), and the conductor made their appearance, when the latter made an excuse for the delay, by placing an empty chair in a prominent position on the orchestra. The truth was that Mr. Weiss, the bass solo, had but that moment arrived. He had missed the train at Stirling, and had telegraphed so; and the directors had instantly ordered a special train to bring him on, which only arrived in Aberdeen while the audience were assembled. Of the soloists, neither the soprano, contralto, nor tenor had been heard in Aberdeen before, and considerable anxiety was manifested as to how Miss Augusta Thomson would acquit herself, the latter having achieved an undoubted reputation on the Continent and in London. After a few recitatives, which proved her to possess a distinct articulation, the first air, “Rejoice greatly,” calculated to test her powers as a vocalist and interpreter of Handel, was given with great purity, and showed that she was fully qualified for her work. No liberties were taken with the text, either here or in the air, “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” which was sung with perfection throughout, and which, if encores were at all allowable, richly deserved it. The shrinking of humanity at the passage, “And tho' worms destroy this body,” and the confident assurance immediately succeeding, in “Yet in my flesh,” was most feelingly given, and the ascending passage leading up to G, “For now is Christ risen,” was admirably sustained. The ascent to B flat at the close of “Come unto Him,” now traditionally allowable, was given with great ease and freedom. Her voice, though not powerful, is remarkably clear and ringing, especially in the higher notes, and in florid music her vocalisation was all that could be wished. The musical public of Aberdeen will gladly welcome back Miss Thomson, and her musical skill and vivacity of manner will always ensure her numerous admirers. Miss Clara Mackenzie is new as a soloist, and possesses a pure contralto voice of sweet and good tone, and of considerable power in its lower notes; her singing of the air, “He was despised,” showed that she possessed much feeling. With a little more animation in her manner, and increased cultivation of her voice, Miss Mackenzie will captivate those who are not led away by the superior brilliancy and point of the soprano part. In the opening recitative, Mr. Cooper proved his fitness for interpreting Handel's music. In the recitative “Thy rebuke,” and in the two airs, “Behold and see,” and “Thou shalt break them,” he made a most favourable impression. Mr. Weiss has been heard here before, and save towards the end,

and particularly in "The trumpet shall sound," betrayed no symptoms of fatigue consequent on his long journey. Perhaps his most effective appearance was in the fine air, "Why do the nations," which he sung with great vigour, and which was deservedly much admired. Three quartets were given, the first, "Their sound is gone out" (being the only piece encoored throughout the performance), "Since by man," and "For as in Adam." The Choral Union sustained their established credit. True, there were one or two slips in time,—speedily rectified, and excusable in the circumstances, but such choruses as "Behold the Lamb," "For unto us," "All we like sheep," showed that they were still under the able guidance of their conductor, Mr. Latter, who must be congratulated on his triumphant performance. With such a chorus and conductor, and such an organist as Mr. Baker, no fears need be entertained of a lack of sterling music amongst us, and the establishment of a numerous and efficient band of instrumentalists would dissipate any fears which could be entertained as to the success of any future performances. It is evident, by the large audiences which attend the concerts given by the Union, and by the general satisfaction expressed regarding the present performance, that they will be supported. The vocal force on the occasion numbered between 230 and 240 voices, and the instrumentalists from 30 to 40.

MENDELSSOHN AND THE GERMAN NATIONAL SONG.

MENDELSSOHN had a clear theoretic insight into the character of the national melody; he has even, as it is well known, written national songs, with the intention of concentrating in them the style and spirit of the popular melodies. We cannot find this in any of the great masters who preceded him. And again, he comprehended the people's song in its historical signification. As he was not only a creative, but also a critical and inquiring spirit, this comprehension was, from the beginning, a condition of the most remarkable of his artistic organisation. The national song had been rendered insipid, by the imitators of the Viennese tone-school; the musical romanticists had perverted it with mannerism; but to him it was the most natural thing to go back to the purer original forms, that have been handed down to us from an earlier period. This was like the successful efforts of the sagacious poets, Arnim, Brentano, Uhland, &c., who transferred the simple form and manner of expression of the songs of the middle ages, to their new, thoughtfully written ballads; indeed, in singing the well-known Minne-song, or his song of "Parting," the same spirit is breathed around us which we enjoy in the works of the abovementioned poets. We must not be surprised that this decisive change in the history of music took place some time after the literary revolution; it was long after the poets that the musicians stepped out from the period of naïve creation, and decidedly fixed their position in unity with the revolution in culture of the entire nation. And so it is, that through Mendelssohn, the German people's song, in a deep historical sense, has been re-found; and that, in him, the twilight impulse—to seek in national melody creative strength for musical production—which seems to influence our newest music, ripened, in him, to conscious deed.

Is it not a national disgrace, that the Germans should be contending with the Parisians in their superficial opera style, their fancies, studies and rondos,—forgetting those sublime forms of art, springing from the depths of the German mind—the oratorio, the symphony, sonata, quartet? In this Mendelssohn was essentially a national composer; he made it the aim of his life to reinstate these noble forms in all their ancient honour. And so it happened, that he easily fell into frosty elegance, when he at times composed "saloon music." But when he composed a German song, a sonata, or a church piece, his heart warmed to his work. Let this be a lesson and a warning to others!

Mendelssohn did his best to give to his large works the greatest possible finish,—but he was, notwithstanding, most finished in his smaller works—in his songs; and this is not his least fame. The German song, from the artless national melody up to the verses of Heine, coquetting with the national style, and over-civilised at heart, has been as

genially, as nobly sung by Mendelssohn as by Mozart and Schubert. The grey-haired Goethe once laid his hand on the boy Mendelssohn, in whom he took delight. And the serious old master, Cherubini, gave the youth, in weighty words, his recommendation to an artistic career; it must have been the *Song Composer* Mendelssohn, upon whom Goethe's hand rested, and of whom Cherubini pronounced prophetic words of praise. But we take it as a promising sign of the times, that the most national tone-poet of the present has only been completely, freely, genially creative in the—little song.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—A musical entertainment of a novel kind, entitled, *Light and Shade, or Photographing and Spirit-Rapping*, was produced at the above rooms on Saturday evening, under the direction of Mr. W. Willott, for the purpose of exhibiting the vocal and histrionic talents of Mad. Lancia and Mr. Augustus Braham in a diversity of styles. The entertainment has been written by Mr. F. C. Burnand, and the music composed and arranged by Mr. J. T. Haines. This little affair is not without a certain degree of merit, and no doubt will meet with success in the provinces, for which it is especially intended. We cannot, however, help thinking that the admirable and varied talents of Mad. Lancia might be turned to far more profitable account. Burlesque vocalisation can hardly tend to improve an artist whose *forte* lies in earnest and impassioned singing, and who, whatever her capabilities may be, must find her progress interfered with by such trivial exertions. Mad. Lancia, who is very young, should rather turn her attention to perfecting her style and method, and making herself, what she should be, one of the leading dramatic singers in England. Even on Saturday, although introduced in the most worthless characters, and having to sing music of the most commonplace kind, she could not conceal that native grace and ease, and that impulsiveness, which distinguish her from all artists on the English stage. Mad. Lancia's best efforts—because more in her immediate line—were the cavatina "Ah forcé à lui," from *La Traviata*, and the grand scena of Abigail from *Attila*, both of which she gave with great force and animation. Mr. Augustus Braham exhibited capital mimetic powers, and gave his songs with remarkable vigour and energy, all but "Oft in the still night," which he sang throughout *sotto voce*, and which perhaps was his best achievement. The entertainment was repeated last night, but we doubt if it will be given again in London. The company on both occasions was more select than numerous.

M. CHARLES TAMBURINI, son of the celebrated singer, who served as a volunteer in the late campaigns in Lombardy and Sicily, has been appointed a captain in the Piedmontese army. The promotion is the more merited, that he abandoned a good position in Paris to serve the Italian cause.—*Morning Chronicle*.

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BRISSAC (JULES).		s.	d.
"Bigoletto" (transcription of the Quartet)		4	0
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"Martha"		3	6
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"La Sonnambula"		5	0
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"Hommage à Sa Majesté Napoleon III." (caprice militaire)		6	0
"Le retour de l'armée" (Marche triomphale)		6	0
LOUIS (N.)		s.	d.
"Fleurs Venetiennes." Trois mélodies Italiennes variées. No. 1 in G. 2 in C. 3 in B flat (each)		4	0
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"Terpsichore" (Duo de Salon)		6	0
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"March from Tannhauser, arranged by Theodore Mauss"		5	0

The above duets are of a pleasing and popular character, and are adapted for moderately advanced performers.

London: Ashdown and Parry, 18, Hanover Square.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON. Season 1861.—

CONVERSAZIONE.—The Fellows, Associates, Lady Associates, and Nominated Annual Subscribers of this Society are hereby informed, that the FIRST CONVERSAZIONE of the present year will be held at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday Evening, January 23rd. Admittance in Regent Street, from half past Eight o'clock. N.B.—Tickets are not transferable to Conversazione. The Annual Subscription of Members and Subscribers is due on the 1st of January. Tickets delivered and Subscriptions received by Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201 Regent Street.

St. James's Hall, 28 Piccadilly.

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BUCKLEYS' SERENADERS.—CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

—St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.—Crowded houses every performance. Every evening at 8, and Two Day Performances on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3. Tickets may be secured at Austin's Ticket Office, 28 Piccadilly, from 10 till 5. Stalls, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery, 1s. No bonnets are allowed in the Stalls. Books of the Words, 6d. each. Change of Programme, including Operatic Selections from Lucresia Borgia, Trovatore and La Sonnambula.

"The most unique and varied entertainment in London."

CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS.—This Evening,

C. H. Gounod's Opera, FAUST, and selections from "Dinorah," "Trovatore," "Macbeth," &c. After which, the ETHIOPIANS, consisting of Seventeen performers, organised expressly for this establishment, for the performance of Vocal and Instrumental Music, Comic and Sentimental, with Negro Delineations, Anecdotes, &c., in addition to the usual entertainment. The Fine Arts Gallery is open from Eleven a.m. till Twelve p.m.

PECKHAM AMATEUR MUSICAL UNION.—The

Subscribers are hereby informed, that at the Fifth Concert, Saturday, January 5th, the following artists will assist:—Miss ROSE HERSE, Mr. FIELDING, Mr. MONTMETH SMITH, Mr. SHOURBRIDGE, Mr. WINN.—Solo (Flute) Mr. H. J. WOOD, Grand Duo (Pianoforte) the Misses CLINTON, (their first appearance in public).—Conductor, Mr. F. OSBORNE WILLIAMS. To commence at Seven. Carriages at Half-past Nine. Candidates duly nominated will be balloted for every week in January.

HENRY HERSE, JUN., Brunswick Terrace, Camberwell, President.
HORACE QUARE, Grove Terrace, Camberwell, } Hon. Secs.
WALTER CHEESEMAN, Queen's Road, Peckham, }

THE ORATORY, BROMPTON, LONDON, S.W.—

CHOIR OF THE ORATORY.—Parents or Guardians who wish to present Boys as Candidates for admission to the Choir of the Oratory, must apply by letter only, to the Rev. Fr. Gloag, at the above address. The Boys are placed under the care of one of the Fathers of the Oratory, and receive a good English Education, besides Instruction in Music. Their Education, Board, Lodging, and Clothing, are entirely free. They are brought up strictly in the Catholic Faith. Candidates will be chosen solely according to Musical capabilities, united with good character; so that unless a Boy's Qualifications satisfy a somewhat high standard, he will not be likely to succeed.

GLEES, MADRIGALS, and OLD BALLADS,

Egyptian Hall.—Mr. MITCHELL begs respectfully to announce that the popular and eminently successful performances of Glees, Madrigals, and Old Ballads by the LONDON GLEE and MADRIGAL UNION, Miss J. Wells and Miss Eyles, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Cumming, Mr. Lawler, and Mr. Land (Conductor) interspersed with Literary Illustrations by T. Oilphant, Esq., will be resumed for One Month Only, commencing on Monday next, January 7.—Royal Library, 33 Old Broad Street, W.